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EXTRADITION.

MANY and intricate as are the problems of international law, the question of Extradition remains at once the most important and the most familiar. The complexity of business transactions and the vast extension of credit, coupled with the multiplication of the means of travel, have rendered the subject one of the greatest importance. The historic origin of the practice is to be found in the relations of the different provinces of ancient Rome. Under the Republic a citizen accused of a capital offence might at any time, before judgment was pronounced, escape the sentence by going into voluntary exile; and certain of the allied cities were specified by treaty as inviolable places of refuge; but under the Empire these cities were absorbed into the imperial dominions and lost their protective character. As to claims of extradition made by the Romans upon independent nations, they seem to have been confined to enemies of the State. Thus we find that at the end of the war with Antiochus, king of Syria, the Romans stipulated for the surrender of Hannibal, who, however, escaped and fled to the king of Bithynia, from whom he was also demanded, and would have been surrendered had he not committed suicide.

It is a remarkable fact that in the early cases in modern history it was always for political offences that surrender was claimed, though at present it is almost the only ground of refusal. But such an offence does not mean a crime committed from political motives, but one committed during a time of civil war or open insurrection. The French government, in 1880, refused to extradite Hartmann, who was suspected of planning the plot against the Czar at Moscow, in December 1879. When the Swiss government, in November 1890, demanded the extradition of one Castioni, who had shot a member of the ministry, the English judges gave him the benefit of this exception in the treaty. Charles II., as is well known, pursued some of the murderers of his father with relentless hate,

and in 1661 concluded a treaty with Denmark in which the latter agreed to deliver up on requisition all persons who had been concerned in the murder of Charles I. The States-general of Holland surrendered some of the regicides without treaty stipulations; but in 1662 they agreed to give up any persons excepted from the English Act of Indemnity, and all other persons demanded by the English Government. James II. put this treaty in force in demanding the surrender of Burnet, not yet a bishop, but acting as private secretary to the Prince of Orange. He describes it very fully in his *History of his Own Time*. He states that the king's principal cause of anger against him was a report of his intended marriage to a wealthy lady at the Hague; and proceedings were set on foot in Scotland. Burnet, however, got wind of the matter before news of it reached D'Albeville, then English ambassador, and petitioned for naturalisation, which was readily granted. When the ambassador demanded his banishment, Burnet claimed protection of the States as a naturalised subject. The demand was subsequently repeated in more forcible terms; but the States refused to surrender him.

One of the most familiar cases of extradition for a political offence was that of Napper Tandy, known popularly as the hero of *The Wearing of the Green*. Tandy, having made a vain attempt to excite a rebellion in Donegal, set sail for Norway; and after landing at Bergen, made his way with a few companions to Hamburg. The English Government peremptorily insisted on the surrender of the refugees as British subjects who were in rebellion against their sovereign; while the French Government claimed them as their citizens, and threatened Hamburg with the most serious consequences if they were given up. After a long and painful hesitation, the Senate, in October 1799, finally decided, and surrendered Tandy and three of his companions to England. The French Directory retaliated by a letter declaring war against Hamburg, imposed an embargo on its shipping, and threatened still severer measures. The Senate sent a most abject

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apology to Napoleon, describing their utter helplessness, and the ruin that must have befallen their town if they had resisted. Their deputies, however, were received with the bitterest reproaches; they were told they had committed a breach of the laws of hospitality 'which would not have taken place among the barbarian hordes of the desert,' and an act which would be their 'eternal reproach.'

Prior to the Extradition Act of 1870 (amended in 1873), which settled the law of England as it at present stands, the two most important agreements on the subject between this country and foreign powers were those entered into with the United States in 1842, and with France in the following year. In the latter case no exception was made of political offences, and the law was practically inoperative, only one case of surrender taking place in twenty-two years. This state of things, as might be expected, caused great dissatisfaction in France, and was the subject of much diplomatic correspondence. Finally, in 1865 the French ambassador gave six months' notice of the termination of the convention of 1843; but after considerable negotiation, it was prolonged for a further period.

Spain has been deemed a safe harbour of refuge by many criminals; but even before the British extradition treaty with that country in 1878, offenders had been given up to justice. An extradition treaty was concluded with Germany in 1872, and with Russia in 1887. The list of extradition crimes fixed by the Act of 1870 includes murder, manslaughter, forgery, larceny, frauds by bankers, and extortion by threats. Dynamiters who have attempted to wreck property do not get the benefit of political aims under English law.

In no country, perhaps, does the question of extradition take such an important place as the United States. At the formation of the Union, the question of the surrender of criminals who fled from one State to another was one of the difficulties with which the founders of the Republic had to deal. The proximity of Canada brought the question within the range of national politics; and it is to the credit of the American judicial bench that its members were equal to dealing with the difficult questions that arose. 'In the matter of extradition,' says Sir Edward Clarke, 'the American law was until 1870 better than that of any country in the world; and the decisions of the American judges are the best existing expositions of the duty of extradition in its relations at once to the judicial rights of nations and the general interests of the civilisation of the world.' The first case in America which brought up the question of the surrender of a criminal to a foreign power occurred in 1784. In that year the Chevalier de Longchamps was indicted at Philadelphia for threatening bodily harm to M. Marbois, the French Consul-general, and also for an assault upon him. It appeared that the Chevalier went to the consul's official residence, used violent language, and called him names; and two days later, in a public place, struck at him with a stick. He was convicted; and subsequently President Washington informed the judges that the Minister of France demanded that M. de Longchamps, having appeared in the uniform of a French officer, should be delivered up to France; to which the judges replied that

he could not lawfully be surrendered. The most important question of extradition between this country and the United States arose in the case of Charles Laurence in 1876, the point at issue being whether a person extradited for one crime could, after being tried and acquitted, be put on his trial for another offence other than that for which he was surrendered, without being afforded an opportunity of returning to the country by which his surrender was granted. Laurence was a Canadian, who subsequently became naturalised in the United States; and having come to England, was demanded, under the treaty of 1842, on a charge of forging and uttering a certain bond and affidavit. He was surrendered; and on his arrival at New York he was arrested on three warrants upon three separate indictments, neither being founded upon the charges for which he was extradited. While Laurence's case was pending, a demand was made for the extradition of Ezra D. Winslow on a charge of forgery in the United States. Lord Derby, however, on behalf of the Government of the day, absolutely refused to surrender him until the United States gave an assurance that he should not, until he had been restored or had an opportunity of returning to Her Majesty's dominions, be detained or tried in the United States for any offence committed prior to his surrender, other than the extradition crimes proved by the facts on which the surrender would be grounded.

The case caused great excitement at the time; and so lately as 1886, a Convention was signed by Mr Phelps and Lord Rosebery, which in one of its articles provided that a fugitive criminal should not be detained or tried for any offence committed prior to his surrender other than the extradition crime, without having an opportunity of returning to that State which surrendered him. An enlargement of the Ashburton treaty of 1842 was ratified by the American Senate, and gazetted in London in 1890.

THE BURDEN OF ISABEL.*

By J. MACLAREN COBBAN, AUTHOR OF *Master of His Fate*; *A Soldier and a Gentleman*; &c.

CHAPTER XL.—MR DOUGHTY EXPLAINS.

'WHICH way?' asked Isabel, when both she and Mr Alexander Doughty were on the pavement.

'Let us,' said Mr Doughty, turning his back on the New North Road, 'walk in this direction, Miss Raynor;' and he was politely careful to take the outer side of the pavement. 'This,' he continued, 'will be quieter for our purpose.'

'But,' asked Isabel, stopping short, 'is it not in this direction that you live?'

'It is,' said Mr Doughty, with solemn emphasis. 'But you shall hear, if you will permit me to explain;' and they went on again. 'Your father and myself had rooms some time ago in the house of Mrs Ackland Snow. She is an excellent woman, but rather fidgety: and her fidgets and the odour of her Irish twist, brown shag, and penny Pickwicks were too much for your father's shattered nerves. It is possible that you do not know that your father's nerves are shattered;

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they are not shattered in exactly the way mine are, but they are *shattered*!

'Will you be so good, Mr Doughty,' said Isabel, 'as explain to me, as you promised, the character of your connection with my father?'

She said that somewhat curtly, and then felt a little ashamed of her curtness; for the forces of attraction and repulsion were striving within her: she was drawn to think kindly and gratefully of Mr Doughty, because—she had understood from Mrs Snow's words—he had been a faithful friend to her father; and yet, when she looked at the shaking Bardolphian creature beside her and thought of his abject behaviour of the evening before, she suspected that he might have had to do with her father's declension, and dislike and disgust swayed her for the moment.

'Your father and myself, Miss Raynor,' said Mr Doughty, 'are bound together in a friendship of considerable standing. A good many years ago—indeed, I may say, when you were an infant in your mother's arms—I was your father's sub.'

'His what?'

'His "sub," which is, I may explain, an abbreviation used among men of the Press for sub-editor. I was his sub,' he repeated, as if he enjoyed the word, 'on *The Weekly Bulletin*, and we worked together with the extremest harmony; and the harmony arose, I may say, from kindness on his side and good-will on my own. I admired your father, Miss Raynor. He was a man—and he is,' said he, half-aside, and as if to some one who was likely to deny it—'of brilliant abilities, all of which were squandered in editorial and journalistic drudgery for an unenlightened public. I wrote, if you will permit me to say so, with a pen dipped in common ink'—

'And whisky,' thought Isabel, but she refrained from hurting Mr Doughty's feelings by saying it.

—'he,' continued Mr Doughty, 'wrote with a pen steeped in a finer fluid. Moreover, he was the best company in the world—at least in the whole range of Fleet Street; and for that matter he is still; yes, he is still—occasionally.'

'You mean, I suppose,' said Isabel bitterly, 'when he is in a condition in which I would not like to see him?'

'Miss Raynor,' said Mr Doughty weightily, and he stopped to add emphasis to his words, 'you are under a grave misapprehension. If my meaning had been as you have conceived it, I should not have alluded to the matter in conversation with a lady.' And Mr Doughty walked on again. 'No,' he continued, 'the meaning you suggested would apply, perchance, to the miserable individual now walking by your side, but it would not apply to the chief. I may be—I believe I am—good company only when I have achieved some refreshment; for instance, I am not myself to-night, I beg to assure you, but it is not so with the chief. We both have our foibles, our weaknesses—our vices, if you will,' he added, in a ferocity of criticism of 'self and friend,' 'but, as I ventured to observe a moment ago, they are not alike: I have mine; the chief has his.'

Up to that point Isabel had held herself in: she had hoped that by patiently listening to Mr Alexander Doughty, she would arrive quickly at an understanding of the relations between him and her father, and of the condition in

which her father was living; but now, between impatience with his sonorous maunderings and a strange acute feeling of jealousy that this man—whom she could not but despise, strive as she might after a better feeling for him—that this man knew all about her father, and thought it necessary to defend him against the misunderstandings of his ignorant daughter, she let herself go.

'It is a strange, an unnatural thing,' she broke forth, 'that I should be gathering all the knowledge I have of my father from a—a person whom I have met in the most casual way'—

'And that, you would say, Miss Raynor,' interrupted Mr Doughty, 'not under the most favourable circumstances.'

'Certainly,' said she—for she could not spare him now—not under the most favourable circumstances. But that I have been ignorant of my father, or of his condition, is not my fault. It is his own—or yours, who have come between us. When he first wrote to me three years ago, why did he refuse to see me? Was it you that persuaded him to that?'

'I, Miss Raynor?' exclaimed Mr Doughty, stopping again—this time in the sheerest amazement. 'God forbid! you little know, Miss Raynor. You totally misunderstand me;' and his hands began to tremble as he clasped them on the head of his stick. 'I would spend my last shilling with your father: I *have* spent it oftener than once! I would give my last drop of blood—such as it is—to serve him! I come between you? I persuade him not to see his own daughter—and such a daughter? You little know!'

'Forgive me,' said she in an impulse of self-reproach when she saw his distress. 'No doubt I have wrongly accused you. But how can I understand if you will not explain? Do not tell me any more about my father's life: he can tell me that himself; but tell me, as you promised, how you come to be receiving letters intended for him, and what you meant by saying he knew nothing of it?'

'Miss Raynor,' said Mr Doughty, 'bear with me an instant, and I will tell you succinctly. It was I that saw the announcement in the papers of your appointment as mistress in the College for Ladies. I showed it to your father, and begged him, almost on my knees, to make himself known to you; but he refused absolutely to do so, for reasons which he thought sufficient, but which I ventured to consider inadequate. Your father's situation was at that particular moment desperate; our uncle—ahem!—well, Miss Raynor, it was desperate beyond anything you can dream of desperation.'

'Perhaps,' said Isabel, 'I can dream more in accordance with reality than you imagine.'

'At anyrate, Miss Raynor, to understand how I came to do what I am about to relate to you that I did, you must know that I had for years been accustomed to act, if I may be allowed the comparison, as jackal to the lion, and that it had become necessary for me to assume the entire control of our joint affairs, your father's and my own, financial and other. I would relate to you how that had become necessary, but you have signified to me that it would not be agreeable.'

'Not now, please,' said Isabel; 'go on merely with your explanation.'

'Very good, Miss Raynor,' said Mr Doughty. 'When we were in a tight place—that is to say, when we found ourselves in straitened circumstances'—

'In short, when you were hard up.'

'—in short, when we were hard up, it was I who had to find relief from our embarrassment: it devolved upon me to find replenishment for the exchequer.'

'Do you mean,' asked Isabel coldly, 'in plain words that you have had to keep my father?'

'Not at all. Do not misunderstand me, I pray. I am not uttering complaint; I am but stating a fact. And I ask you to remember that I said I was jackal to the lion. It therefore fell upon me, when provision for our wants was required, to go the round to find occupation for the refined pen of your father, or, failing that, for my own rude quill.'

'And if both of these failed?' asked Isabel, in sure expectation of the answer.

'Then,' said Mr Doughty, 'I would try to find temporary accommodation from a friend. Both these resources failed us at the time I spoke of.'

'Now I understand completely,' said Isabel. 'The jackal had one trick—one resource—more than the lion.'

'I ventured to suggest to your father'—

'I understand,' interrupted Isabel. 'You suggested to my father that he should apply to me for help, and he would not hear of it; he said he was not yet fallen so low as to ask his daughter, a girl only beginning life for herself, for such help as his weakness or his wickedness would not allow him to provide for himself. Was not that what he said?' she demanded eagerly.

'Miss Raynor,' said Mr Doughty, 'you are as clever as you are charming. He spoke much to that effect.'

'Mr Doughty,' said Isabel, 'I shall be obliged to you exceedingly if you will not pay me compliments.—You, however, had not the same view as my father, your old chief. You therefore wrote to me in his name, telling him nothing of it.'

'What first made me think of it was that my handwriting was not unlike your father's.'

'And you received from me a certain sum of money, which I had sent as to my father.'

'And which, Miss Raynor,' said Mr Doughty, 'I religiously expended on your father, and on him alone.'

'Oh, that is not a point we need discuss. The jackal, I suppose, is worthy of his hire.'

'Miss Raynor,' said Mr Doughty with palpable emotion—he had stopped again and faced her with his hands clasped on his stick—'you should not say that. It is unworthy of you to stab so cruelly one who has learned to admire your generous qualities, even though that one is the miserable, broken individual before you. You should not—you should not, really.' His lip trembled with emotion, and a tear sprang in his eye, which he ferociously flicked away with his finger. 'If there is one person in the world whom I care for besides the chief, it is yourself, and I expect you to believe me when I say that

whenever I have applied to you it has been only on your father's account, and that whatever you have bestowed in answer to my applications has been strictly expended on your father to the uttermost farthing.'

'I believe you,' said Isabel, impulsively giving him her hand. 'Forgive me.'

She was so sorry for the pain she had evidently given the poor creature, and she so saw him touched with a pathetic dignity, that a new revulsion of feeling came upon her in which she could almost have kissed him to assuage the pain she had caused. But the trembling and spasmodic fervour with which he grasped her proffered hand drove back all such inclination.

'Are we not nearly there yet?' she asked, going on again.

'To tell you the simple truth, Miss Raynor,' said Mr Doughty, now less constrained and more cheerful, 'your father is not in our rooms.'

Isabel stopped at once. 'Where is he, then?' she asked.

'At this precise moment he is waiting in a certain house in a lane off the Ratcliff Highway for his bill to be paid.'

'Bill?—for what? Not—for for drink?' asked Isabel with a new horror upon her.

'No, Miss Raynor, not for drink. That is not the form the chief's refreshment takes.'

'What is it, then?' demanded Isabel. 'Tell me the truth. I hope I am not afraid or ashamed to hear what you may have to say.'

'Well, Miss Raynor, in a word: the devil that has tempted him and brought him to his present pass is opium. I have seen its accursed method of working—excuse my strong epithet—from its initial stage. He began to smoke opium from an innocent and laudable motive, nothing less, indeed, than to find "copy" to be sold for what it would bring in the Magazine market to furnish forth the expenses attendant on your birth. He visited an opium den of the East End in the days when both opium dens and the East End properly so called were much more dangerous places to enter than they are now. He went there by himself, and some time later he piloted no less a person than Charles Dickens thither. I am declaring to you the simple truth. But he did not make a habit of smoking the seductive drug until your poor mother's death. Then he was distracted, and could find no comfort in anything, and forgetfulness only in his opium sleep.—My dear Miss Raynor, let the rest be silence.'

'Mr Doughty,' exclaimed Isabel, without a moment's hesitation, 'let us go at once and pay his bill and get him out of the dreadful place!'

'My dear young lady,' said Mr Doughty, 'I should say "agreed" with the utmost alacrity, were it not that my purse is absolutely empty. To say truth,' added he, with an attempt to laugh which sounded rusty and unused, 'I had looked forward to a remittance from you to-night to release him.'

'Come,' said she hurriedly. 'Which way must we go? I have set.'

Mr Doughty set his face towards the New North Road. Isabel swept along the pavement at a pace which somewhat taxed Mr Doughty's rheumatic limbs to maintain.

'We must take a cab,' said he. 'And will

it not be best for me to go alone? It is a dangerous region for a young lady to venture into, more particularly at this time of night.'

'A cab by all means,' said Isabel; 'but I shall go with you; I am not afraid.'

'It is,' said he, 'for you to ordain, Miss Raynor, and for me to obey. It must be a four-wheeler then.'

They hurried on in silence, till they had passed Mrs Ackland Snow's again, and were nearing the New North Road.

'He goes off, I suppose,' said Isabel, 'at intervals to this place, and remains there till you find him and release him?'

'Exactly so,' said Mr Doughty.

'How long has he been gone this time?' asked she.

'Three days,' answered he.

'Three days! I should have thought that was enough to kill a man! Dreadful! Dreadful! Let us make haste!'

When they reached the New North Road, Mr Doughty produced from his waistcoat pocket a whistle and blew a call, which was speedily answered by the appearance of a four-wheeler. He opened the door, and when Isabel had entered the cab he closed it again.

'But are you not coming?' she asked.

'I am coming certainly,' answered Mr Doughty.

'But my place is with the driver on the box.'

'I cannot hear of such a thing,' said Isabel.

'You will catch cold: you are not wrapt up.'

'I am quite sufficiently clothed, thank you, Miss Raynor; and I would prefer, if you will permit me, to sit on the box and smoke a pipe.'

Thus it came to pass that Isabel did not hear what instructions were given to the driver; and they drove away, on and on, through regions to her altogether unknown. She remembered, however, that Mr Doughty had said that the opium den was near the Ratcliff Highway, and she was familiar enough with her map of London to know the direction they must take. They passed down the New North Road; and presently they left the bustle and the glare behind, and rolled through darkness and comparative silence, with large comfortable-seeming houses on either hand, where in the past had dwelt substantial men from the City, whose descendants or successors have gone farther afield; over the dark and gruesome canal with evil-smelling chemical works on the one hand and tall square piles of sweet-smelling wood on the other; on again through the darkness, picked out here and there at wide intervals with tall and despondent gas lamps, and out again into clamour and bustle, blazing gas in shops and gin palaces and flaring naphtha on the stalls; and then out into what was plainly a great thoroughfare and past an imposing church, withdrawn deep into the shadows at the junction of two ways, and looking serenely and pityingly down on the surging tides of human life, business and pleasure, sin and sorrow, that met about its gates; on and still on.

During this progress, with the deafening rattle of the wheels and of the slung windows in her ears, Isabel passed into a semi-conscious state. She knew she was wearing farther and farther east; she saw how different were the scenes she was passing through from those to which she was accustomed in the neighbourhood of her lodgings, a

good many miles behind her; and she wondered anew at the vast, the mysterious London in which she dwelt. She was a tolerably learned young lady, and she was able to compare in her mind the great capitals of the world—to compare, at least, what she had read of those in the past with what she knew of this in the present—and she said to herself that, though Rome was great, and Babylon was great, and Nineveh, and Thebes, yet London was greater far by reason, not of fine buildings and a general impression of magnificence and imposing outward show, but of its vastness and its swarm of men and women, each in an orderly way doing that which is right in his own eyes, none daring to make him afraid. The wonder of London, she felt, is its people. Then she went on to think particularly of her father—a weak unit swimming, floating hither and thither in this sea of humanity. Now that she was definitely set out to find him, her anxiety concerning him and her horror of his situation had changed into a kind of gentle romantic expectation. She had read of De Quincey, Coleridge, and other confirmed consumers of opium, and the glamour of these names made her father's fault appear less a vice than an amiable and poetic weakness.

She was rudely awakened out of these dreams by the stoppage of the cab and the appearance of Mr Doughty at the door. He said it was necessary to descend there and to walk a little way. She descended, and walked along the pavement by his side—not without a tremor or two, for dark, foreign, and wild-looking men—browned and baked with wind and sun—stared curiously at her as she passed. They came to the corner of a dark and noisome alley, which they were about to turn down, when they were accosted by a policeman. He looked hard at Mr Doughty.

'Oh,' said he, 'it's you—is it, sir? Your chief down there again, I suppose. Is the lady going down with you?'

'Yes, policeman,' said Mr Doughty, in his profoundest tones, 'the lady thinks it necessary to go with me: she thinks it absolutely necessary.'

'In that case, ma'am—or miss,' said the policeman—'I must go down with you—only to see that no harm comes to you; for they're a queer lot down there.'

PANORAMIC PHOTOGRAPHY.

PANORAMIC Photography has been the dream of scientific workers with the camera for nigh half a century, and therefore to have achieved complete success in a field of work exceedingly difficult is indeed to have reached a pinnacle of photographic and scientific renown. The invention of the 'Panoram' by Colonel R. W. Stewart, commanding the Royal Engineers of the Western District, at Devonport, must be classed as one of the most important photographic inventions of the age, and as being in advance of anything of its kind up to the present. When the gallant officer took up the question, he entered upon the work with a knowledge of the difficulties which surrounded it—and, indeed, as he proceeded these became even more marked—but determined to proceed and succeed. As may be supposed, he had to invent, discard, and rein-

vent, throwing over ideas which had seemed to be in theory exactly what were necessary, but which failed when carried out. And so model after model was made and set aside. But the inventor was on the right track, and at last came to a point, and the adoption of a principle which would accomplish the end sought for.

At this juncture Colonel Stewart met Mr W. Gage Tweedy of Plymouth, who had, it appeared, been also considering the subject, and who had published a valuable contribution to the question in 1863. The correct principle was secured in the camera which Colonel Stewart had designed when he met Mr Tweedy, and that gentleman's clever mechanical skill has enabled the two to produce an instrument which it may be said is practically perfect. It is at once an instrument of great delicacy of action, but at the same time of simplicity of working, and its results are always the same. As this will meet the view of many who are interested in photographic work, but who lay no claim to being scientists, it may be stated that the results are brought about by means of a camera of exceedingly moderate dimensions—much smaller than would be necessary for the production of views in the ordinary way—pivoted at a central point, and standing on a tripod head, in appearance much after the usual manner. Within the camera is clockwork mechanism worked by a spring, this being wound up from time to time. The gear being set in motion, a roller begins automatically to wind upon it the sensitised celluloid film which is contained upon another roller, a pressure roller keeping it taut and bearing upon another roller. This last roller is what actually secures the action of the camera, as a shaft from it passes through the bottom of the camera, and has at its lower end a pulley, around which pass two turns of a band of silk which revolves the stand to which the camera is attached, and, of course, the camera itself. While the sensitised film is being unrolled, and the camera is, as it were, also unrolling the view upon the film, the motion being exactly at the same rate, the picture falls upon the film as though it were still.

It will thus be seen that the action of unrolling the film is the source of the motion of the camera. The idea is clever, and the execution is perfect and accurate. The focus is a fixed one, though it would be possible to arrange for the use of lenses of varying foci, and, of course, of change of speed in the movement of the camera itself.

The arrangements whereby exposure is made are as clever and complete as are the points already referred to. The camera being ready and wound up, it is carefully levelled—by a level attached—and directed to the point from which a start is to be made. It is set in motion by a pneumatic release, this allowing a fly to rotate at a determined speed, arranged by the operator, controlling the unrolling of the film and the speed of the camera. The photographic image impinges upon the film through a V-shaped aperture, answering to the usual diaphragm of a camera, and gives the required relative exposure to foreground and to sky. This aperture can be varied in size and shape, and can be arranged in combination with the speed of the camera to practically obtain an instantaneous

effect. The rotation of the camera can be stopped at the completion of the circle, or at any point within it that may be desired; or, as it may be put in the terse words of the inventor, 'it will gratify the photographer's wants, whether these be confined to the limits of the parish pump or embrace a full sweep of the horizon.'

Of course, so complete and beautiful an instrument could hardly have been secured but for the aid of such a flexible and transparent material as celluloid. The earlier attempts of inventors were directed to the production of pictures upon curved and flat plates. In 1845, Martens, an engraver of Paris, sought to secure such pictures by the bending of a Daguerreotype plate into a cylindrical curve. A lens placed opposite to the centre of the curve deposited the photographic image, through a slit, upon the plate; and a considerable measure of success followed these efforts. Some nine years later he used a modification of his first invention, with flat plates. Gavella, in 1848, in Paris, created considerable stir by the exhibition of panoramic pictures viewed through a lens. He appears to be considered the first who had gone into the matter in a thoroughly scientific manner. As an officer of Engineers he probably approached the question with a view to its use in connection with military surveying; and he patented the idea in England in 1857, proposing to use paper as the flexible material for the photographic image. But after Gavella in 1848, Henry Fox Talbot in 1849 may be said to have gone forward by proposing to use coated paper for 'panoramic views of scenery which were produced upon a curved surface by the movement of the object glass of the camera.' In 1857, Burnett, an English worker, proposed modifying a roller slide for paper so as 'to take a view all round in one piece.' In the same year Ross, of New York, proposed to take the complete circle in three flat plates of one hundred and twenty degrees each.

One of the most interesting efforts in the problem of panoramic photography was Dr Chevalier's plane table, submitted to the Société d'Encouragement, of Paris, in 1858. In this case the picture passing through the lens was deflected upon a plane table. Each sector of the plate could be impressed with the photographic image. It does not appear that the apparatus came into practical use.

The Pantascopic camera of Johnson, patented in 1864, appears to be the camera described by Mr Tweedy of Plymouth in 1863. It was designed upon the revolving principle, and so far as it went produced very excellent results.

Several workers were considering the matter and inventing between 1864 and 1884, when the Cylindrograph of Moessard was invented. It was somewhat similar in type to Martens's instrument, the lens being pivoted in the centre, and a flexible celluloid film in a dark slide being used for the production of the photographic image. It is necessarily a large instrument as compared with that of Colonel Stewart. And though its work is good, yet it is costly, for a recently constructed instrument, made for the Canadian Pacific Railway, cost one hundred pounds or more, and was of very considerable weight and size. This camera took pictures of a length of forty-five inches by eighteen, though we believe less than

one hundred and eighty degrees were comprehended.

Immediately preceding the 'Panoram,' the 'Cyclographe' of Damoiseau may be said to have been the latest step in panoramic cameras. It is used with a film which unrolls automatically, but is somewhat heavy and unwieldy, as well as rather complicated in action for general working.

From our résumé of the work of inventors, it will be seen that great scientific knowledge has been brought to bear upon the subject, and it is perhaps on its scientific side that the 'Panoram' will be most useful. In connection with surveying, and especially in mountainous and inaccessible regions, it is believed that the instrument will be immensely valuable because of its perfect work. Those whose knowledge enables them to judge will readily see that there is a very large field for the use of such a camera; indeed, we believe the Royal Geographical Society is likely to take it up. Already, though it may be said to have been but just completed, the fame of the instrument is growing; and in Germany it has created a strong impression in scientific military circles. In other parts of the world also, a keen interest has been awakened. It is patented in all the principal countries of the world.

Though devised for such ambitious work as that to which it may particularly be devoted, yet it cannot but be admitted to be a triumph of simplicity, for its mechanism has nothing of a cumbrous character about it, and it does its work directly. Several pictures eight inches wide by sixty inches long can be secured in a camera which weighs under four pounds, and the worker who has hitherto been content to do quarter-plate work may now make more ambitious attempts, and not be more heavily laden than he has hitherto been. As the inventors have also devised means by which these panoramic negatives shall produce pictures to be thrown upon a screen, one may confidently expect much instruction and entertainment for the general public, as these pictures are displayed. And so science may be promoted while those not scientifically inclined may be benefited.

BY ACCIDENT.

By H. F. ABELL.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

EVERY Thursday Mr Richard Marsden dined with his uncle Christopher at the palatial residence of the latter in Portland Place. Every Thursday uncle and nephew disagreed and parted in high dudgeon with each other—an odd state of affairs, and the more so because the eccentric old bachelor loved his handsome young nephew very dearly, and the feeling was warmly reciprocated. The disagreement was always on the same point—the fixed, and, from the avuncular point of view, unaccountable, determination of the young man not to take unto himself as wife the young woman who had been selected by his uncle as most eligible for that position. The discussion came up at odd times—sometimes during dessert, sometimes when uncle and nephew were having their final smoke together, but it never failed to come up.

Old Mr Christopher Marsden, although a bachelor, loved the society of the fair sex, and at his weekly dinners almost as regular a guest as Dick Marsden was Marian Akhurst. For this young lady old Mr Marsden had a respect which almost amounted to worship. She was a nursing 'sister,' the daughter of one of Mr Christopher's oldest friends, and having been left an orphan at an early age, had been obliged to turn to and fight her own battle in life. Strangely enough, her first professional visit was to Portland Place; and it was as nurse by Mr Christopher's bedside during a long and trying illness that she had impressed herself upon his mind as being the very wife for his nephew, his only relation in the world. She was a brown-haired, brown-eyed girl of two or three and twenty, with a kind, smiling face and a gentle manner, which familiarity with human suffering had not roughened; and although she was unfashionable enough to call herself Marian Akhurst instead of Sister Beata or Sister Lachryma, her name was already a household word in the mouths of those whose business lay in the alleviation of human suffering.

Every Thursday evening at dessert Mr Christopher urged upon his nephew the advisability, nay, the necessity, of his marrying Marian Akhurst. 'I cannot conceive,' he would say, 'how you can be such a blind fool as to throw away the chance of marrying such a girl. The girl loves you; I am sure of that; and as to the question of £ s. d.—why, you may leave that to me.'

The young man's answer was invariable: 'I cannot.'

'You cannot!' the old gentleman would retort. 'What on earth do you mean? You're young; you're unfettered; you're good—nay, splendid prospects. The girl's a lady, and yet you blurt out "I cannot!" Have you asked her?—No. Have you sounded her?—No. I'm an old bachelor because I never happened to meet the girl who would suit me. But you! Pooh! It disgusts and annoys me!'

The young man bore the reproaches quietly; he never flared up and made impatient replies; he never argued; he simply said: 'I cannot.'

This imperturbability angered the old gentleman far more than retort or discussion would have done, and in his determination not to comprehend it, he overlooked the possibility of the young man's having a very sufficient reason for his invariable 'I cannot.'

Poor fellow! He had. Marian Akhurst was to him his good angel on earth; he loved her passionately and devotedly. He would have shed his heart's blood, or would have gone to the uttermost parts of the earth, to serve her. He knew that she loved him; and yet he was forced to treat her as an ordinary acquaintance, and dared not say that which his sorrowing heart often urged him to say.

And she knew that the handsome young man with the splendid prospects had a sorrow which could be healed by no earthly skill, and that for acting in direct opposition to his longings he had sufficient reason.

Upon one Thursday evening the disagreement between uncle and nephew was so marked that, as no ladies were of the party, and the young

man foresaw that the unpleasantness would be continued until his usual hour for taking his leave, he pleaded indisposition, and went away early. He walked to Regent's Circus, and took an eastward-bound omnibus. At the Bank he alighted, and passing along Throgmorton Street, followed Bishopsgate Street until he reached a many-lighted edifice upon the façade of which appeared in gas letters the legend 'Arcadia Music Hall.' He did not enter, but sauntered up and down the crowded pavement with his weekly cigar in his mouth until the clocks struck ten, when he turned down a narrow side-lane, and waited at a door illuminated by a feeble lamp, around which were lounging half-a-dozen youths of the usual East End type. Every now and then people passed out at the door. When they were men, the youths took no notice. When they were women, the youths stopped their loud chaff and mirth and assumed the airs of gallants, just as they had seen more gilded youths do at the stage doors of similar establishments farther west.

Presently a tall girl wrapped in an ulster came to the door. The youths nudged each other, and the name 'Stunning Gipsy Jane' passed from mouth to mouth. Dick Marsden approached her, took the paper parcel from her hand, offered her his arm, and walked away with her—with his wife. They walked in silence for some minutes. Then Dick said: 'Well, Leah, how did the new song go off?'

'What? do you mean "Caught him on the 'op"? —Oh, very well. Three encores and a bouquet. But the chorus wants spice, and I'll have to have it. If you won't write for the people, the people won't have anything to say to me. It's all jolly fine to be a gentleman, and to say you won't.—What is it? Pollute your pen with spice? But if I'm to keep my engagement at the Arcadia I must sing spice, and that's all about it.'

Dick made no reply. They went on together in the rain and fog of the November night until they reached Leadenhall Street; here they turned down, and after proceeding some distance, they entered a narrow, lampless alley, and stopped at the door of one of those grimy little old London City houses which defy, with unaccountable pertinacity, the sweeping operations of the modern edile.

Dick entered with a latchkey, and one step took them into a shabby little room filled with a fog of strong tobacco smoke. The author of this was a tall, powerful man with a bad, handsome face, on which was stamped gipsy as plain as could be. He was lying at full length on a decayed sofa, a clay pipe in his mouth, and a tumbler of hot mixture at his elbow.

'Hullo!' said Dick, 'you're here, are you?'

'Yes, I'm here,' growled the man. 'I suppose you don't object to your wife's father being here?'

'Precious little good objecting,' said Dick. 'What do you want?'

'Just to keep an eye on you, that's all,' replied the man. 'I suppose you've been havin' a blow-out in Portland Place. Did you get anything out of the "old geeser"?'

'I don't understand you. Who's the "old geeser"?'

'Why, your precious uncle. Did he come down with the dollars?'

'Of course not. Why should he?'

'Why should he?' repeated the man almost fiercely, as he got up from the sofa—'why shouldn't he? That's the tip. Look here, Mr Marsden. I reckon it's about time we came to some understanding.'

'All right! We'll see to that,' said Dick, who perceived his father-in-law to be in an aggressive mood. 'Suppose you go home and leave me to my—my home.'

Home? Home, indeed! Well worthy of the accent of disgust and despair which the young man threw into his pronunciation of the word.

'Not till I have an understanding,' was the reply.

'Yes, yes; go away, father,' said Mrs Marsden, who was trying to toast a bloater at the half-expired fire. She had taken off her hat and ulster, and was revealed as a tall, fine young woman, with a true Romany face, which in itself was strikingly handsome, but upon which the tale of her wretched life as a low-class music hall singer was being rapidly told. 'Go home. I'll see about it.'

'Not you. You're a fool, and he's a knave. Thought it was a fine thing to marry a gentleman, you did. Talked about your brougham and your villa on the Thames, and all the rest of it; and what's it all amount to? That you've gone and married a gentleman who has to write for his bread-and-butter; who can't afford to keep you as the poorest tradesman in the parish keeps his wife, although he has a rich uncle, and do go aguzzling in Portland Place every Thursday. Strikes me if I was to go to Portland Place and say who I was, there'd be something done; it do.'

Dick Marsden took some rousing, but, like most men of the kind, when roused, meant what he said and did what he threatened. 'Are you going away?' he asked quietly.

His wife's father resented himself on the sofa by way of reply.

'I think, Mr Hearn, you had better go,' said Dick, very quietly—so quietly, that a gentleman would have understood him to mean what he said.

'S'pose I don't choose to leave my child's house,' said Hearn.

'Your child's house! My house, you mean,' replied Dick.

'Do you pay all the rent for it? Did your money buy this whisky? Haven't you never borrowed money of her hard earnings? Your house!' sneered the gipsy.

The words went home; for Dick knew very well that for singing comic songs at the Arcadia his wife could get as much in a month as he could make in three out of his work for the *Hemisphere* and other journals.

'Besides,' continued Hearn, 'I'm short o' cash.'

'Well, I can't help you,' said Dick.

'Then what's the use of going to dine'—began Hearn, but was interrupted by Dick, whose blood was up.

'My house or not,' he said, 'it's my home, and I want you out of it. Come!'

The big man did not stir. Dick, although not

so largely built, had not been through the athletic training of a public school for nothing; and if his miserable life was telling its tale on his appearance, on his muscles and wind, he was still a formidable antagonist for a bloated, lazy, dissipated man, no matter of what size. So he quietly lifted Mr Hearn up by the collar of his coat, despite his struggles, until he was on his feet, and then ran him along to the door, shot him out into the lane, and slammed the door in his face, all in less than a couple of minutes. 'I'll serve him like that every time he comes here in that condition,' said Dick, lighting his pipe. 'It's becoming intolerable. When I married you, I didn't bargain for your father.'

'And as little did I think when I married you,' retorted the girl fiercely between the mouthfuls of her bloater, 'what I was doing. When you came sniggering and smiling about me, and called me your gipsy queen, and swore you couldn't sleep for thinking of me'—

'I was a young fool,' put in Dick.

'I thought I was in for a good thing. I had lots of other offers of marriage; but you had the gift of the gab, and'—

'Why, you made me marry you!' interposed her husband. 'You threatened me with an action if I didn't. I never said I was rich, or ever should be rich.'

'No; but I knew you would be,' said the girl.

'Yes; that's the whole thing in a nutshell,' said Dick. 'Money! money! money! You've had all I ever had, and you get it now, and how it goes I don't know.'

'Well, I owe a lot now,' said the girl.

'Owe money! What for?'

'Cards.'

'You owe money for cards! Shameful! Who do you play with?'

'The other girls at the hall and their friends sometimes. With father's friends sometimes. He's hard hit too; that's why he's so down to-night.'

'Very pretty indeed! And you expect me to pay your dirty card-sharpping friends what you owe them? Why, if I had the money, I wouldn't pay it. And pray, what are you going to do?'

'I don't know. I've thought of going to your uncle and of telling him everything; that's what father wants to do.'

'Then it would be the very worst day's work you ever did in your life. My uncle knows and suspects nothing of my marriage. If he had the faintest idea that I was married, and married to a music hall singer, I think it would kill him.'

'All the better for us,' remarked the hardened, desperate girl.

'I'm ashamed of you,' said her husband. 'It would kill him, but not before he had deprived me of every penny he would have left me. Not that I care for his money; it won't bring happiness, and I have no debts; but I wouldn't do the dear old man such harm.'

'Dear old fiddlestick!' said Leah contemptuously; 'as if an old bachelor like him didn't know a trick or two. Didn't you say he was going to the south of France soon?'

'Yes; he goes on Monday; and as I'm going

to see him off, I shan't be home till later than usual.'

'And he'll be away for the rest of the winter?'

'Yes.'

'And that great lovely house shut up because there's nobody but fat, lazy servants to live in it, and we're obliged to pig it in two miserable rooms in a back lane! Oh, how I wish I was rich!'

'If you were rich to-morrow, you'd be a pauper before your next birthday,' said her husband bitterly.

Leah made no reply, but sat close in to the poor fire, her face darkened by a pensive frown which was almost terrible, one hand supporting her chin, the other clutching the arm of the chair until the knuckles stood out like knobs of ivory. For almost an hour she remained thus motionless. When she turned round, her husband was fast asleep on the sofa. She rose noiselessly, put on her hat and ulster, paused at the door for a moment, as if agitated by a doubt, and then went out into the darkness.

Dick was a sound sleeper despite his woes, and often preferred to pass the night on the sofa to sleeping in the stuffy garret up-stairs; so that if he awoke and missed her, he would but think that she had gone up to bed, and would just turn over and continue his sleep.

ABOUT THE DAIRA SANIEH.

THAT portion of the British public which is interested in our relations with Egypt, and therefore also in the question of 'Conversion,' which has been a bone of contention between our Government and that of France, will have often noticed in the newspapers the words 'Daira Sanieh;' but it is to be presumed that only capitalists concerned directly with Egyptian funds, who are not a very numerous class, will in general know what they mean. It is our purpose to explain in a sentence or two their signification, and then to describe, from personal observation, some of the features of one of the great establishments of this institution.

The Daira Sanieh is a financial organisation which was originated in 1863 by the Khedive Ismail with the object of monopolising the sugar production of Egypt for his personal profit. It was founded upon loan capital, which at first accumulated rapidly, but latterly its increase was slow. At one time it was believed to amount to nearly eight millions and three-quarters sterling. The institution is under the direction of three comptrollers—one English, one French, and one native. It has sixteen factories, and hundreds of miles of narrow-gauge railway. It employs during the harvest season about fifteen thousand men in labours connected with the factories; and indirectly gives employment to a much larger number of men, women, and children in the cutting of the sugar-cane and its transportation to the mills. The higher officials are inspectors, superintending engineers, contractors for fellah labour, and mafetishes; these last being the buyers of

the cane from the growers. The contractors and mafetishes are Turks and Egyptians; the inspectors and engineers French, with a few English and Scotch. The land on which the cane is grown belongs chiefly if not entirely to the Khedive's domain: the growers hire it under stringent conditions of keeping it fallow every third year, for the sake of recuperation. As the cane is cut at times which are practically fixed by the mafetishes, and is sold to the Daira Sanieh at its own price, no private mills being allowed, the growers are at the mercy of the comptrollers. But the conditions of purchase appear to be reasonable; and growers who, through favour or bribery of the mafetishes, are able to get their cane to the mills before it spoils, make excellent profits.

The establishment here referred to is that at Baksheesha, eighty-five miles up the river from Cairo. Except where there are temples or other remains of antiquity, the towns and villages on the Nile in Middle and Upper Egypt are remarkably similar in aspect. Over all during the day there is ordinarily the same translucent sky of a blue which may be at one time of a cobalt, at another of an indigo shade, but which is never of that milky hue which in the north we are accustomed to call sky-blue. The line of nummulitic limestone cliffs of yellowish white on the Arabian bank glaring in the sun till they are painful to look at; the river, yellow, green, or glittering colourless according to the point of view; the shapeless mud hovels, with here and there a white-washed, superior house or domed mosque or Coptic church; the clumps of palms over every considerable group of dwellings; the river-banks in the later months of the summer not much raised above the brimming river, but in the spring and winter stretching as long, steep shelves of drying mud—in these features it is needless to say Baksheesha has nothing distinctive. In the town itself there are the usual adjuncts of towns on the Nile: an open space, dotted with vaults, where, as is customary in Egypt, a market is held on Saturdays—a market which indicates too plainly that the peasantry of one of the most fertile countries in the world are among the most impoverished of mankind. The arched brickwork of the old disused vaults has in many cases fallen in, and you have to pick your way gingerly and avoid stepping backwards, lest you should find yourself dropping suddenly into a hole. Twelve piastres (half-a-crown) would buy the whole stock of any of the dealers present. A small heap of beans, a small heap of oranges, a dozen pocket mirrors such as are sold in England at a penny each, a handful of nails, a few of the iron plates which are used for shoeing donkeys, are the usual capital of these rural Rothschilds of Egypt. Such a merely material thing as quantity of goods, however, is of little consequence if only the god Mammon be present and active.

As we leave the market and make our way towards the sugar factory, we see in the fields women who have brought food for their husbands, and are kissing their hands reverently before presenting it. Farther on is a woman seated on the ground churning, by pulling a string attached to a goatskin, suspended from a beam composed of ribs of the palm-leaf, and containing the milk.

Here is a group of children, boys and girls together, paddling in the water of a conduit which runs from the factory to the Bahr Jussuf, the canal which about this place leaves the Nile and conveys fertility to the Fayum. The fellaheen as they work in the fields are surrounded by innumerable birds, chiefly pigeons; crows of a bluish-gray plumage, with the wings and tail bordered with a stripe of dark blue; and most beautiful of all, the graceful white ibis, so called, more elegant than even the swan, though, of course, as being a heron, altogether different. Egypt is the paradise of birds.

The sugar factory at Baksheesha is a large square mass of buildings, in which the materials of the structure of the second great London Exhibition are again turned to account, and is not unpicturesque to look at of an evening, when several hundreds of Arabs are sitting round it in circles waiting for their turn of nocturnal duty. About fifteen hundred men and boys are employed during the season of harvesting and boiling, which lasts from December to March. The railways bringing innumerable trucks of cane; the travelling rods which convey the cane to the four huge sets of steel rollers, each set driven by a large low-pressure steam-engine of the old beam type; the fresh juice rolling from each set in a little brook; the engines pumping this juice into the twenty or thirty vast caldrons, where it is boiled by steam at a high pressure; the pumping of it thence into the defecators, where it is partly purified by being filtered through animal charcoal; the subsequent treatment in the vacuum pans, in the forms and the tanks, and in the centrifugal machines—all these matters of detail, though interesting to observe, may be omitted here, as not being different from those in sugar mills generally.

The character and aptitudes of the Egyptian workman are a subject of much interest. Generally, his physical development is magnificent. In race he is not absolutely homogeneous, but the predominant type of features reminds one of the Mongolian more than any other; but his eyes are by no means oblique. His head is broad and low, and relatively small; his face is round, and his forehead depressed; but in his body he is often a Hercules, a Mercury, an Apollo; and if modern sculptors would get fellaheen for models, they might rival Phidias. But mentally the Egyptian peasant is anything but a Greek. He is slow of perception, and cannot be trusted to act on his own judgment or to work without superintendence. An accident which happened one evening at the works illustrates this and other features of his character. An overlooker of the youths who work at the centrifugal machines let fall a key through a slit in the boarded floor. He opened a trap-door and sent down a youth to get the key. The youth, overpowered by the carbonic acid gas which accumulates in such places, fell and could not rise again. The overlooker sent down another youth with the same result, and then went down himself, and died like his predecessors. This all happened in a minute or two. Here was a chamber of death which would have suited Kemmler. The English superintending engineer was absent at the time: a panic seized the workmen, and serious disaster

was only prevented by his opportune return. His presence of mind soon restored order; but the night was made hideous by the unearthly whooping of a troop of women led by the over-looker's widow, who found an additional vent for their grief by attacking and breaking a considerable number of the windows of the building. The gas was shut off; but the bodies had to lie as they fell, in compliance with the law, till they could be inspected by a doctor next day. When they were buried, no relations came to testify respect for the youths, from the mistaken fear of being held responsible for their deaths. The widow and children three days afterwards found refuge in the house, or hovel, of another workman, the widow, according to Mohammedan custom, accepting the position of additional wife.

An Egyptian sugar factory is not a place to increase one's appetite for sugar. The floors in many parts, but especially near the centrifugal machines, are allowed to get coated with a mixture of treacle and dirt. The workmen trample this mixture continually with their naked, unwashed feet, and then carry the whitened sugar from the machines into the weighing chamber, where it is piled in heaps; and they are not scrupulous to avoid walking over these heaps, but inevitably deposit there some of the slime from their feet. It is better for the imagination not to conceive the history of sugar from the cutting of the cane to the mouth of the consumer. An Egyptian sugar factory is not only in itself a busy place, the work going on day and night, but is the centre of a great system, of far-stretching ramifications of activity. Railways run first to the drying-grounds for the megass—sometimes called the 'massash'—this being the hard fibre of the cane, which having had the juice crushed out, is spread in the sun till it becomes combustible by the evaporation of its remaining moisture. A megass field is like a hayfield, only vast in size, with white crushed cane spread out instead of hay, and hundreds of half-naked olive-skinned fellahs as labourers. The engines and trucks rush about incessantly, for at Baksheesha there are sixteen separate steam-boilers adapted for burning fuel of large bulk and rapid combustion, and each of the sixteen furnaces occupies three men night and day in feeding it. This crowd of men, fetching, carrying, shouting, and cheerfully busy, forms an animated and not unpleasant spectacle. But the fields where the cane is cut are perhaps even more lively. A row of men nearly naked, armed with short, stout, heavy knives, lop off the canes close to the earth, which grow at a distance of from two to six inches from one another. This space is determined by the distance from one another of rings in former canes which have been used for planting, this planting having been done by placing canes horizontally upon the ground. Each ring sends a root into the soil, and from each root springs a cane. If the rings are close, the new canes have little room, and they grow thin and spindle up to a great height, sometimes as much as twelve feet. If the rings of the canes which were used for planting were far apart, the new canes are stout and short, and the joints are consequently close.

Behind the cutters stands a row of binders;

these bind about twenty canes together; and the bundles are carried on the heads of women, youths, and girls to the nearest railway truck, where they are packed and sent to the mills. Among these workers are generally a few overseers with sticks, with which they belabour the idlers; but in order that no laggard may escape, they err on the side of severity. It is to a European a singular and not very pleasant experience to see a creature in the form of a man stand on one side of a path and, as pitilessly as if he were hastening the progress of a file of asses, hit with a stick successively a score of heavily-loaded women and girls as they stagger past him. The ancient Egyptians probably treated the Israelites hardly worse than they treated any of their other slaves, and not very much worse than they now sometimes treat their labourers and servants. It is to be hoped that the suffering classes of Egypt are thick-skinned. Certainly they do not cry out much; they take blows as a matter of course, and do not seem to remember them.

Among the terrors of the harvest-field are the watchmen. These officials have for their badge of office a shouldered musket, whether charged or not, I cannot say, and their principal business appears to be to restrain those fatigued, hungry, and thirsty wretches for whom the fresh juice of the cane is too tempting. The poor fellah or fellaha, toiling and panting under solar rays which pour down upon the head unmoderated by even the slightest 'nimbus' of cloud, spies an opportunity when there is no detective eye, breaks off a few joints of cane, tears them up with teeth which are unmatched for whiteness, soundness, and regularity, and is in a heaven of gratified appetite such as Lucullus, with all his lavishness and cooks and dainties, never entered: his finest iced wine of Falernus was lukewarm ditch-water compared with this cool juice. But the Roman, it is to be presumed, ate his dinners without interruption; whereas, alas! the poor fellah or fellaha is rudely brought back to the cruel side of realities by blows on the head and shoulders. Nevertheless, while these poor people when they come to the harvest are so lean that their ribs and the small bones of their spines are prominent, they generally contrive to go away in a condition of respectable fatness.

When one can avoid seeing the brutality which is never long latent in such a scene, it is indeed pleasant to lie under the shelter of a stack of cane, forgetful of European squeamishness about personal dignity, and munching and sucking in obedience to the promptings of nature. The fresh juice is delicious, satisfying without cloying. Let the chemists account for it as they can, it is digestible and wholesome, even when made into almost the sole article of drink and food. But it must be consumed absolutely fresh. The cane soon turns sour, even when it is sealed at the ends for preservation. While thus sitting crunching and sucking, the kaleidoscope of gray felt skull-caps ('libehs'), of white turbans, of fezes, of olive-coloured and brown bodies, of glittering cane-knives, of bundles of green cane, of blue-gowned women, of black-eyed children, with its varying and ever delightful groupings, is a subject with which an eye that discovers beauty in form and colour can never weary. We have

plenty of 'Rebekahs at the Well.' Perhaps the subject is inexhaustible; but for novelty, might not the artists give us Ameena, or Khadija, or Ward-es-shan in the cane-field for once? There would be no historical or sacred interest in the picture; there would only be some very real contemporary toil and suffering, which might be made to touch the heart in a direct way through the pathos of a hard lot, if indeed there were not more fruitful suggestions or incidents in the lives of the women of the British working-classes.

If it be asked why the European officials do not interfere, and try to introduce milder methods of treating the fellahs, the answer is, that they have no authority over the proprietor of the fields, and that moral influence is impotent on the banks of the Nile. If they had some form of material control, they would still be too much occupied to go out into the fields and inform themselves of what goes on there. With every facility which governmental power could give, it would not be possible to eradicate speedily habits of oppression which seem coeval with the race. In the Baksheesha factory itself I never saw a single blow struck.

The higher officials were three in number—a European engineer, a Syrian contractor, and a Mohammedan Egyptian mafetish. They shared a room, provided with a 'mastaba' or ottoman running all round, and surrounded with windows which, from the elevation of the room, gave a view as from a watch-tower over all the works. Here they smoked together with due Oriental gravity, and with a silence which was seldom interrupted except by the entrance of some engine-driver, Coptic clerk, overlooker, or other official coming for orders. The contractor was introduced to the writer of this sketch in these terms: 'This is Syed Jussuf: he is a Syrian and a Christian: he can talk in seven languages fluently, and overreach you in them all.' After this introduction—not very complimentary, it must be confessed, to the honesty of the one or the intelligence of the other—we became fast friends; and I found Syed Jussuf a very interesting and, for anything I discovered to the contrary, a very upright man. He smiled pleasantly now, though afterwards I saw a glint in his eye, as he glanced covertly at the introducer, which was hardly accordant with his character as a Christian. The mafetish, though now a Mohammedan, and named Ismail, was by descent a Copt, but had changed his profession of faith, and had taken to himself three wives—his motives, according to his late co-religionists, being self-interest and the temptations of polygamy. The first time one exchanges cigarettes with a husband of three contemporaneous wives, one scans him closely. Is he more glad or sad by reason of his, to European notions, peculiar connubial arrangements? What were his motives? Religious conviction, romance, caprice, or mere vanity? Ismail evidently thought no ill of himself, but was as characterless and as commonplace as the laced-up boots and the long paletot which he wore.

On the whole, though an establishment of the Daira Sanieh, or sugar-growing or sugar-harvesting, is not what one would go to Egypt specially to see, still, being there, these things have their interest, and help by the force of contrast. Their

juxtaposition with the monuments of antiquity, with pyramid or sphinx, obelisk or temple, stimulates the imagination, and assists to fill in for it the vast picture of the slow march of civilisation.

THE LAST OF THE PEPLAWS.

By G. B. BURGIN.

MISS MARIA PEPLAW stood on the stone doorstep in order mournfully to watch the carpenter's assistant unscrew the brass plate which had braved the storms of some five-and-twenty winters, and replace it by a new one bearing a slightly modified legend. Peplow House was still what the humorous local gravedigger, when under the influence of beer, was facetiously accustomed to describe as 'a cemetery for young ladies;' but beneath that ghoulis statement the words 'The Misses Peplow' no longer appeared. Miss Jane Peplow, the elder sister, had basely deserted the flowery paths of scholastic tuition, and would shortly be known as Mrs Barton, the spouse of a benevolent provision-merchant in the town. Miss Maria grieved that the ancient family of Peplow should be disgraced by what, in her prim, old-fashioned 'French of Stratteforde at Bowe,' she was wont to term a 'missalliance.' Miss Jane had indeed made a false step, and, what was worse, had not even evinced a proper shame in doing it.

When the new door-plate was screwed on—every twist of the screws hurt Miss Maria—she entered the passage, went up to Jane's bedroom, and sternly opened the door. Jane, a fair-haired handsome woman of forty-eight—Miss Maria was dark, three years younger, and more aristocratic in appearance, with a not altogether unpleasing suggestion of lavender-like princess—had just emerged from the hands of her bridesmaid, and was radiant in black silk and orange blossoms. 'Enter, Maria,' she said pleasantly. 'I trust you have reconsidered your decision, and will honour my nuptials with your presence.' But she quailed visibly.

Miss Maria sat down. She spoke with an effort. 'If dear papa were alive,' she said frostily, 'as an officer and a gentleman he could not have approved of such a match—such an incongruous mingling with the plebeian throng; it would have broken his heart. We have never before descended to—to combine with butter. Correct me if I err in this statement, Jane.'

Jane dared not. She had often heard the same remark before, but affected to treat it as wholly novel.

'You must be aware that by such a marriage you forfeit all claim to social recognition. Already, the baneful effect of such a descent has made itself felt. Two of the parlour boarders are about to leave. The—the ostensible pretext was Australian tinned meat supplied by Mr Barton. In reality, it was the fact of your entering into a matrimonial alliance with butter, perhaps oleomargarine. Under the circumstances, you cannot expect me to—to extend the hand of cordiality to that—doubtless worthy person.'

The Peplaws were always wholesale, for the few brief years they dabbled in commerce.

'You are very proud, Maria,' said Jane sadly. 'Sometimes, I think that there are finer things to do in this world than to devote one's life to the exaction of deference based upon mere family considerations.'

Miss Maria declined to discuss the question. 'Has the hymeneal chariot arrived?' she asked.

Miss Jane hastened to a window and peered out. The old flyman from the *Red Lion* over the way had just affixed a white ribbon to his whip, and was rheumatically climbing up on the box. Then, he flicked his Roman-nosed roan as it lumbered over to Peplow House. The flyman had put on his best coat for the ceremony, and hidden his crooked, unvarnished legs in a chastely striped rug, as a tacit concession to the sentiment proper to such an abnormally solemn occasion.

'The—the chariot waits, sister,' she said. Miss Maria would have fainted had Miss Jane called the ancient vehicle a fly.

'Very well,' said Miss Maria. 'Do not think I reproach you, Jane. Better the intellectual refinement of a solitary crust and celibacy than the parvenu plenty of tinned tongue and a husband beneath one in the social scale. I am still left to watch over the family honour.'

Miss Jane hesitated nervously. 'Some day, you may be glad of a husband's sheltering love,' she said gently. 'The struggle has been a hard one, Maria. John'—

'I am not socially conscious of the existence of any individual of that name,' said Miss Maria, primly tying her bonnet strings. 'Officially I am compelled to recognise Mr Barton's existence as your husband; but as "John"—never!'

'Mr Barton,' blushed Jane. 'Mr Barton wishes to know if you will honour him by living with us and giving up the sch—the academy?'

Miss Maria was touched, but called up the family pride to maintain her faltering resolution. 'Jane,' she said in the tones of a female Casabianca—'Jane, do not add to your other indiscretions by seeking to lure me from the path of duty. I do not blame you, Jane. Your confiding nature was no match for the wiles of one versed in the sophistries of the retail provision trade, the questionable morality which covers with an eleemosynary candlestick the doubtful quality of his dubious foreign wines; your innocence of plebeian usages is the best excuse for what you are about to do; but, Jane, much as it pains me to tell you so, Mrs Barton cannot be received within the walls of this academy. You—you understand?'

'I understand,' faltered Jane. 'Of course, Maria, with your stern sense of family duty, it could not be otherwise.'

'No,' said Miss Maria, with Spartan fortitude; 'it could not be otherwise, Jane.' But she crossed over to Jane and kissed her.

'But the—the bills?' timidly suggested Jane.

'When your name was removed from the prospectus and the door-plate of this academy,' said Miss Maria, 'you, naturally, ceased to have any connection with the business details of such an establishment.—The chariot waits. I believe it is customary for the bride to lead the way. As my elder sister, you are doubly entitled to precedence.'

'Oh, sister, I'm so nervous,' faltered Miss Jane, with tears in her china-blue eyes. 'I ought to be so happy, and yet I'm thoroughly miserable.'

Miss Maria shook her iron-gray locks with grim determination, and led the way; but Jane drew back. 'This—this is the first quarrel we have ever had, sister,' she faltered. 'Sister, dear sister, bless me before I go to my new home;' and she flung her arms round Miss Maria's neck and burst into tears.

Miss Maria lost her stony composure for a moment, and blessed the somewhat mature bride. 'I—er—hope you may be happy, Jane. I shall miss you, although you never could maintain discipline in the dormitories.—Now, let us descend. The populace await us.'

The vicar was waiting to receive the party at the church, but even at such an eventful moment his first thoughts were for Miss Maria. Miss Maria motioned him aside with, 'I commit Miss Peplow to your care, Mr Kesterton;' and Mr Kesterton received Miss Jane and led her up to the altar, Miss Maria following behind, and turning off at her own pew, sternly unconscious of the fourteen pupils, who giggled and wept alternately, or dropped surreptitious bags of rice all over the seats.

Mr Barton, a middle-aged, gentlemanly man, hastened to meet the bride. He was supported by a tall, grave, individual named Farmer Stebbins, a mighty producer of mangolds and manures. Miss Maria had played with him in the fields, and sung with him in the choir until she learned from her father that Stebbins was beneath her socially. How could she possibly be on terms of intimacy with a man who supplied milk for her young ladies! Miss Maria recognised him frigidly, and bowed her head in unpromising prayer. Ordinarily, she patronised Farmer Stebbins with a stately dignity, occasionally so far unbending as to drive out to the farm and pay his accounts. On those occasions, Farmer Stebbins had exhibited a quiet pleasure that so majestic a little lady should honour his poor house by her presence. But he had never before met Miss Maria on terms of social, though temporary, equality like the present.

After the completion of the ceremony, Miss Maria went into the vestry, signed certain documents, and drove home alone under the vigilant protection of her red-nosed charioteer. Nothing but a stern sense of duty enabled her to bear up against Jane's departure. That night, for the first time in her life, she was unable to sleep. Jane had shared the same couch with her for thirty years, and Miss Maria had always slept with one hand thrown protectively over Jane's head. Presently, she bethought her of a soft hairbrush, with the bristles upward, and placed it on Jane's pillow, but carefully removed it every morning lest Dorcas the housemaid should discover her weakness.

And Jane and her husband waxed happier every day, although the school grew smaller and smaller, until even the romantic yet elderly assistant-governess was dismissed and Miss Maria reigned alone—reigned alone, with a haggard, careworn look which nearly moved Jane to tears as she sat opposite her sister in church every Sunday. And then one day the crash came. Perkins the butcher obtained judgment by

default, put a greasy-looking sheriff's officer 'in possession'; and Miss Maria gave up the struggle as she sat, with folded hands and slightly twitching lips, watching her household gods—her dearest relics—being labelled and ticketed and catalogued, and announced for public sale 'without reserve.'

Miss Maria sternly refused all assistance from 'Trade,' and sat waiting among the ruins of her home. A few small worldly possessions still remained to her, but they were of little value. On the last afternoon which remained to the last of the Peplows in her old home, she wandered about the desolate house, and took a final farewell of all the precious possessions which were henceforth to be scattered among the inhabitants of High Drayton. Then she came back to her own sitting-room, and was rather startled when some one knocked at the door, and the vicar entered.

Miss Maria with a stately courtesy motioned to him to be seated.

The vicar seated himself on a cane-bottomed chair as if it had been a throne, and proceeded to acquit himself of a somewhat delicate mission. 'You will pardon me for intruding upon you at such a time, Miss Peplow,' he said deferentially; 'but the fact is I have come to ask you a favour.'

Miss Maria smiled. It was the one ray of sunshine in the crash which had shattered her fortunes. She bowed to the vicar, and motioned to him to proceed.

'The truth is,' said the vicar, 'we are in a difficulty, Miss Maria. The matron in charge of Hollibone's Trust has somewhat suddenly gone away, and there is no one to fill her place. It has been pointed out to me that you are accustomed to command, and I have lost not a moment, as I was unaware of your plans, in hastening to place the post at your disposal.'

Miss Maria almost wept, but she was not going to sacrifice the family pride so easily. 'Of course you must consider my position,' she said graciously. 'As a Peplow, I should lose caste by accepting such a post.'

'I have thought of that,' said the vicar; 'but perhaps you will recall the fact that the matron before the last was Lady Castlemaine's niece.'

'A precedent of that sort enables me to accept the post you are good enough to bring to my notice,' said Miss Maria amiably, and feeling that she must break down if the vicar stayed much longer. Here was a way out of her difficulties without relying on the loathsome succour of Trade. She was not aware that Trade in the person of Mr Barton had bought out the matron and hastily disposed of her in order that Miss Maria might be spared the pain of becoming homeless. But then Trade is seldom credited with refinement of this kind, and so Miss Maria never knew who it was that had stepped in to shelter her; which was just as well, or she would have gone out into the rain and have refused to be sheltered.

Trade had pointed out to the vicar that the post was vacant, whereupon that worthy gentleman had at once suggested Miss Maria, if she could be persuaded to stoop to such an appointment. Then Trade had used plain language. 'It's all her wicked pride,' Mr Barton said.

'She's breaking Jane's heart, vicar. I think a little misfortune would do her good; but she's lived a blameless, honourable, hard-working life, and I don't see how she's to strike root elsewhere. If you'll coax her into it, Jane will come and thank you; but we daren't be seen with you, or she'd suspect something.'

The late lamented Hollibone had erected six beautiful little Queen Anne red-brick cottages and an arched dwelling in the centre with a spire on the top. The central dwelling was allotted to the Lady Matron, the six cottages to divers elderly widows and spinsters of the town whom misfortune had overtaken. In return for a small weekly dole, they were expected to attend church twice on Sundays and once on saints' days, to pray for Hollibone as well as their own souls. When they had performed this duty, they were allowed to do as they pleased, but were required to be back in their cottages by eight o'clock every night. The Lady Matron of course could stay out as long as she liked.

That particularly handy man Farmer Stebbins happened to be passing at the time in a very roomy vehicle, and was pleased to place it at Miss Maria's disposal. Whilst Miss Maria's scanty goods and chattels were being removed to the Lady Matron's lodge, the vicar took her back to see his wife, and kept her there until it was dark.

Miss Maria, as the vicar handed her into a cosy brougham, and told his coachman to drive to the lodge, felt that she wanted to cry. She had upheld the family honour under exceptionally trying circumstances. Providence had come to her assistance, or she would have had nowhere to lay her head. She drew the black fur carriage rug round her and shivered, for the autumn night was chill.

When the carriage stopped, Miss Maria got out. 'This way, if you please, ma'am,' said a well-known voice.

'Dorcas!' cried Miss Maria, in surprised tones. 'You here?'

'Yes, if you please, ma'am,' said Dorcas. 'You didn't think I was going to leave you all by yourself, now Miss Jane has gone.'

'But Dorcas,' said Miss Maria gently, as she sank into a chair before the fire, and Dorcas brought out her fur slippers as usual, 'you must be aware that I have met with pecuniary reverses, and am unable to keep a servant.'

Miss Maria had once nursed Dorcas through an illness, and Dorcas—a very pretty, affectionate girl—was ill-bred enough to remember the fact. 'I'm going to be married in a few months, ma'am, to Farmer Stebbins's head man,' she said; 'and the vicar has offered me the lodge-keeper's post here.'

'But where's the lodge?' demanded Miss Maria.

'Here, ma'am,' replied Dorcas. 'My duty is to look after my mistress.—But it's time you had your negus.'

She came back in a few minutes with the negus and a slice of toast cut into strips. Miss Maria, her gown turned back, as was her custom, sat, with her feet on the fender, thoughtfully warming both hands at the cheerful fire. At half-past eight, Dorcas brought in Miss Maria's Bible, and respectfully sat down near the door.

Miss Maria looked round with somewhat blurred eyes. 'Let us thank God for all his mercies,' she said. 'And Dorcas'—

'Yes, ma'am,' quietly returned Dorcas.

'Don't sit over there in the cold, but draw your chair up to the fire.'

Dorcas had made her bed in the little dressing-room next to Miss Maria's chamber. She tucked up Miss Maria very tenderly, and then went back to her own room. Miss Maria was so tired that she fell asleep without thinking of the hairbrush. Then Dorcas stole quietly down-stairs and admitted those shivering half-frozen conspirators, Mr and Mrs Barton.

'How does she take it?' sobbed Jane.

'Like a lamb, ma'am,' replied Dorcas. 'Would you care to have just a peep at her?'

'She would think it a great liberty,' said Jane; but she followed Dorcas softly up-stairs, and knelt by Miss Maria's bed.

Miss Maria's hand wandering unconsciously about in search of the hairbrush, touched Jane's soft hair. She gave a little cry and awoke.

'Jane! Jane!' she cried. 'Dear, dear Jane, where are you?'

'Did you call, miss?' asked Dorcas, quietly presenting herself with a light after Jane had crept away.

Miss Maria sat up in bed wildly. 'Yes, I—I must have been dreaming, Dorcas. I thought Jane was here, and that she cried over me.'

'It's the strange room, ma'am,' replied Dorcas, tucking her up again; and again Miss Maria slept.

As the days went by, every one of any importance made a point of calling on Miss Maria. People respected her gallant struggle against overwhelming odds; they wanted to show their respect; and so they called at all hours, from old Lady Castlemaine down to Farmer Stebbins, who had sung in the choir with Miss Maria when they were children. In those days, Miss Maria had patronised Stebbins with a gracious condescension which somewhat overwhelmed him, never forgetting to let him feel that they were separated by an immeasurable gulf. And Stebbins had sighed, and gone about the accumulation of filthy lucre in the shape of manure as the one object of his life. Many a maid had longed for him and sighed in vain; many a matron had lured him into afternoon tea on Sundays, and thrown out mysterious hints that so warm a man ought to marry and settle down. Farmer Stebbins had never married. And now that his idol had seemed to fall from her high estate, he developed a more chivalrous courtesy than before. It is needless to say that he had not worried Miss Maria with bills. Every morning he came personally with a tin can of his best cream for her use; every week he brought eggs and butter to Dorcas; and when Miss Maria gently checked him one morning, he replied that he was sorry to displease her, but that he must obey orders. Miss Maria, thinking that he alluded to the trustees, made no more objections, but, from bowing with gracious condescension, actually invited him into the parlour once a month for five minutes' conversation.

Stebbins was true to her; he had always recognised her social position; and the disparity

in their family was so great that Miss Maria felt she could safely meet him on the neutral ground of their childish experiences without losing caste. Jane never had cared for caste, and was happy; Miss Maria had cared for caste all her life, and was unhappy. She fell into the habit of inquiring about Jane from Stebbins. Jane also asked about Miss Maria from the worthy farmer. Thus an indirect method of communication between the sisters was established. Miss Maria also relied upon Stebbins to help in the onerous duties of her post. To her surprise, she found herself gradually glad to leave most of them in his hands. Her long struggle with the world had tired her mentally and physically. The ruddy-cheeked Stebbins, with his enormous muscular strength and gentle, clumsy ways, exercised a soothing effect upon her nerves. She even discovered from the County Guide that his family had once been the De Stevens, then Destevins, then plain Stebbins. He came of a more honourable and ancient stock than the Peplaws themselves, although his father had never served Her Most Gracious Majesty. Hence, when Stebbins, with many blushes, asked her to take tea at the farm in order to meet Mrs Barton on neutral territory, Miss Maria, after a faint show of resistance, actually consented to do so. For some three or four months—it was now January—she had lived her solitary life, haunted by the fear that Dorcas would marry and leave her.

'You must not waste your life on me, Dorcas,' she said, as she dressed in her best lavender silk for the tea-party. 'I have been selfish in accepting your devotion.—When do you intend to be married?'

'Not before you, ma'am,' said Dorcas quietly, and went away.

Miss Maria started. Poor Dorcas! Then a faint flush dyed her cheek. 'Dorcas, what did you mean by that remark?' she asked, when Dorcas returned with her best cap.

'What I said, ma'am,' answered Dorcas, carefully putting the cap in the box. 'Shall I bring a lantern to light us on the way back?'

It was a clear, frosty afternoon. A robin twittered faint make-believe music on a bare branch outside the window. Miss Maria listened to the bird for a moment, and then drew on her gloves. When she went down-stairs, another surprise awaited her in the shape of the *Red Lion* chariot. 'What do you want?' she inquired somewhat sharply of the red-nosed Jehu.

Jehu was a man of few words. 'You, mum,' he stolidly answered.

'What for?' inquired Miss Maria.

'Stebbinses,' said Jehu woodenly.

'But, my good man, I didn't order you to come,' said Miss Maria.

Jehu flicked an imaginary fly from the venerable ruin in the shafts, but made no answer.

'Go home,' said Miss Maria. 'I shall walk.'

She went down the path, followed by Dorcas and the chariot. When she looked round, Jehu still followed at a snail's pace.

'Didn't you hear me?' asked Miss Maria.

'Where are you going?'

'Stebbinses,' said Jehu.

'I think we'd better get in, ma'am,' suggested Dorcas. 'He'll go there all the same.'

Miss Maria got in, mentally deciding that she had yielded only to *force majeure*.

Jehu touched his hat when she got out of the chariot. 'Nine o'clock, mum?' he asked.

'Yes,' said Miss Maria, taken by surprise; and the chariot rumbled away, each wheel looking as if it wanted to go to a different point of the compass.

Stebbins was at the hall-door to receive them. Miss Maria thought that he had never shown to so much advantage. All his natural timidity had vanished. He was the quiet, courteous host, full of homely cordiality and good feeling. His housekeeper took Miss Maria up-stairs to remove her bonnet. There was a cosy fire in the best bedroom. Suddenly, Miss Maria—the housekeeper had gone down—fell on her knees by the side of the bed and began to cry softly, utterly regardless of the fact that she was crushing her best cap beyond redemption. She moved from one familiar piece of furniture to another—furniture which she had thought never to see again. There it all was—the old familiar mahogany bedstead, the little bookcase by its side, the ancient bureau, the vast clothes-press, the faded carpet, the painting of her father on the wall, the needlework sampler which had bidden contemptuous defiance to all well-known laws of ornithology and botany for so many years; nay, even the paper was the same pattern, although fresher and newer. And the room had been partitioned off to exactly the same size as her old apartment at Peplow House. There was even an old-fashioned pin-cushion on the dressing-table—no one knew how sorely she missed that pin-cushion—just as it had stood for years at Peplow House.

Before she had recovered from her surprise, the housekeeper again knocked at the door. Miss Maria hastily busied herself with her cap. 'Does any one use this room?' she asked.

'No, ma'am.'

'Has any one ever used it?'

'No, ma'am.'

Then she went down-stairs, and was not surprised to find herself back at the Peplow House drawing-room again.

Stebbins came forward to meet Miss Maria with quiet deference, and led her to a chair—her chair—by the fire. She could not speak.

Stebbins gave her time to recover herself. 'How can I thank you?' asked Miss Maria.

'If it gives you pleasure,' he said, in his simple honest way—'if it gives you pleasure, Miss Maria, it is the only excuse I have for doing it. I didn't like to think of your missing the things.'

'But don't you see,' she said, 'you—you make it harder for me to go back?'

'Don't go back. I'll go away, if you care to stay here.'

'What, John!' His name slipped from her lips unconsciously. She had not called him 'John' for five-and-twenty years. 'Give up your home for me!'

'Yes,' he said simply. 'Why not?'

Miss Maria's feeble edifice of family pride tottered and crumbled away like a house of cards. 'John,' she said softly, 'I have spent my whole life in pursuit of shadows. You shame me, John.'

He led her back to her chair, whence she had

risen under the influence of strong emotion. 'I only want to see you happy,' he said. 'I could think of no other way than to preserve the things you love. They—they comforted me.'

'Comforted you?'

'Yes.'

'Have you—have you any sorrow?' hesitatingly inquired Miss Maria.

'Yes,' said John; 'ever since I can remember anything, it has been with me.'

Then a light flashed upon Miss Maria. This man had loved her all his life. She had made a barrier between them which was insurmountable. He had watched over her, cherished her, loved her, only to be repaid by condescending impertinence and patronage. Even now, he was too noble to be revenged, too magnanimous to crush her as she deserved. His sole thought had been for her happiness, for her well-being.

For a moment, they stood looking into each other's eyes. The woman's fell. She moved blindly towards the door. Most men would have taken advantage of her helplessness. This man would not speak even now. Suddenly, she came back and held out her hand.

'Will you forgive me?' she asked. 'I have treated you very cruelly, very unworthily. I only see my own meanness through my tears. Had I found this out years ago, when I was younger and unbroken by the world, I—I should have acted differently.'

Stebbins stood as one dazed; but she came nearer still, her thin, white hands clasped together. 'I am so sorry,' she said—'so very, very sorry. Oh, if our lives could come over again. Now, I am broken and old and worn, with no one to love me, no one to care, no one to remove the barriers which my hideous pride has raised around me. I have wasted my life—and yours! Forgive me!'

Stebbins raised her up. 'You are the only woman in the world for me,' he said. 'I've loved you since we sat in the choir and our voices mingled together. You made my heaven then. Will you make it again?'

She crept into the shelter of his strong arms. 'You are so strong,' she sobbed, and laid her head upon his breast.

TO SPRING.

SWEET Spring! with shy, soft eyes of heavenly blue!
The wild winds whispered: 'She is coming here!'
And laughed aloud for joy: gray skies grew clear;
The violet woke up to welcome you.
The wan gold primroses all wet with dew,
Along the mossy margin of the mere,
Shone out in starry clusters, and anear,
A tangle of white bloom, the wildfire grew.
Now you have come. I hear in murmuring streams
Your musical low laugh, as silvery sweet
As the lark's singing in his rapturous dreams.
Where violets are thickest, there your feet
Have lately passed. I see your azure eyes
Smile in forget-me-nots and radiant skies.

ALICE FURLONG.

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